RECOLLECTIONS OF A READER

BY CHARLES T. CONGDON. II.

CHILDREN'S BOOKS. THE BOOKS OF FRANKLIN'S BOYHOOD-DR. ISAAC WATTS-HIS WRITINGS FOR CHILDREN-BOOKS PROPER FOR CHILDREN-DESTRUCTION OF

BOOKS-THE NEW-ENGLAND PRIMER, Nothing can be pleasanter than some account of what boys read in their boyhood. I know hardly anything more delightful than that passage in Franklin's autolography in which he says "From a child I was fond of reading, and all the little money that came into my hands was ever laid out in books." I fear that the boy Franklin's first collection would hardly have pleased the months in the latter. hardly have pleased the modern bibliographer. It was of "John Bunyan's works in separate little volumes." But Franklin was not a boy It was of "John Bunyan's works in separate little volumes." But Franklin was not a boy to settle down into a solid leve of his first acquisition. He sold Eunyan, having probably had enough of him, and sold him that he might buy "R. Burton's Historical Collections." These were chapman's books, and cheap, forty or fifty volumes in all. It will at once be seen that Franklin was not a true bibliographer. It he had been he would hardly have sold that chapman's copy of "Bunyan," for which a collector to-day would be glad to give a great deal of money. My own copy of Bunyan goes considerably further back than what Franklin calls "separate little volumes." It is one of those cottage copies, printed for the poor, along while before John Bunyan became the pet of literary people and when his immortal work was still issued for the reading of peasants who could hardly read at ail. I have tried hard to consider it a princeps; I have studied carefully with the hope that my shabby little edition might once have been in the possession of Sir Matthew Sykes; but as the title-page was gone, and alas! there was no colophon, I have been obliged to remain content that my copy should continue in a maze of doubt, finding a pleasare in showing it to people who know been obliged to remain content that my copy should continue in a maze of doubt, finding a pleasure in showing it to people who know nothing at all about the matter. They all say that it looks very old. (Undoubtedly it does; and that is about all they know about it. Very few know anything about hocks in this very few know anything about books in this year of grace 1880. Let us go back to what Franklin calls his "bookish inclination."

"The Historical Collections of R. Burton," which Cowper long after was anxious to recover, were hardly enough for the little Franklin. It is almost sufficient to make one contented with his own little lot of books, to think of Franklin, quite weary of his father's meagre library, "consisting chiefly of books in polemical divinity." The Doctor afterwards polemical divinity.' The Poctor afterwards regretted that at a time when he had such a thirst for knowledge, more proper books had not fallen in his way. For the father of Beniamin had resolved, long before, that as "the tithe of his sons," he should be devoted to the Church. We may curiously conjecture what sermons he would have presched if he had ever come to wag his head in a pulpit of his own. A reading boy nowadays has books almost pitched into his lap. Think of the little Franklin looking, with his wide and eager eyes, out o, that tallow chandler's shop, and wondering who of all who went by had books to lend and who would lend them! Does anybody now have such an eager Does anybody now have such an eager or the printed pages? Who can read them! Does anybody now have such an eager thirst for the printed pages? Who can read about the boy Franklin without falling in love with him? Consider him "taking a faney to poetry," and compessing "occasional ballads,' one or two of which sold wonderfully. When I think ot all the books which were at my service when I was a boy, I am quite ashamed that they should have done so little for me. I had the whole Speciator—Franklin had only "an whole Spectator-Franklin had only "an odd volume, and "it was the third." I had a hundred volumes to his one. I was not compelled to pore over De Foe's "Essay on Projects," nor over Dr. Mather's "Essays to do Good." As we lock at these autobiographic pages, written with a candor so exquisite that praise would be lost upon them, we blush for opportunities which have been lost. Do boys so think and study new? Has there been an end of this juvenile appetite? For the boys of today the compositors are working; for them the presses are running and the binders are the presses are running and the binders are busy; authors are puzzling their brains to know will please the little ones; but where ne little Franklips? Our children read, but what comes of their reading? They grow, but what will come of their growing? They talk, but who cares to listen to their talking? They will become taller in stature, but shall we yearn much to hear what they have to say,

Perhaps the best books for children are those which they do not completely understand. It is something to set these little ones to won-dering. It is a great deal for them to understand that they do not understand exactly. Why, as we cater for these young people, should we not pique their limited knowledge and take them, in what we offer them, at an exciting disadvantage? I have a great respect for those who in the last century evolved a tolerable notion of what was needed by the young reader. Who was there before Dr. Isaac Watts who really wrote down to their capacity? Be-fore his time they shared the intellectual feast with their elders. I should be much obliged to any investigator of the past who will tell me what there was in English literature for children, apart from the merely traditional, before the time of that venerable man. He is nothing, to us at least, as a preacher; we sing his hymns, but the modern hymnologists do not hesitate to alter and spoil them; what, after research, can we find better than those tender and deeply re-ligious verses which he wrote for infants, and which the infants of to-day whisper by the bed-side before they confidently drift into the mystery of sleep? If one is charmed by their simplicity, which is really like the simplicity of Wordsworth, he will be likely to look far back over great reaches of English literature, and wonder why there should have been nothing like them, before or even since? The book man will remember the namby-pamby of Ambrose Phillips, which was the best which could be done for or of the yonkers in his day -but what are these to Dr. Watts's "Divine Songs, attempted in Easy Language for the use of Children'? They were printed in 1726—more than a century and a half ago, yet the small ones like them to-day as the small ones liked them in the long yesterday, and for the liked them in the long yesterday, and for the same reason. I query sometimes if Shake-speare could have written for children as Dr. Watts did. He was not only alone in his own time and long afterwards, but in a certain sense he remains alone to this day. He died in 1748. I should like to know what there was 1748. I should like to know what there was written for children in his time, and long after he was dead, which, with a flavor of rare genius, so touches the invenile heart. He saw the intimate connection of childhood and Christianity. He comprehended the exquisite relation between maternity and infancy. And, more than all, he was able, learned as he was, to speak and sing to the infants in a language which they could understand. There was a fine which they could understand. There was a fine genius in his juvenilia worth all the rest which he did.

er they are higher?

About the time at which I began to read it was discovered that new books might be written was discovered that new books might be written for children. There were primers before, and arithmetics and grammars, but almost everything was produced from the wrong standpoint. There were, indeed, books which were exceptions. There was "Sanford and Merton," about which one 'might write a column, and which has recently been reprinted. There were the clever poems of Mrs. Barband—her "Early Lessons" and her "Hynns in Prose." But the general tendency of books for the young was general tendency of books for the young was dreadfully didactic, and there was a perpetual effort to come down to the level of the early intellect, which I have always considered the worst blander which could be made in the premises. The decensus to children is anything but facilis. I pity the little dears when a peadant gets hold of them. I pity them still more when a desperate effort is made to patronize them and there is an attempt to accommodate great things to their small understandings. It were tetter, perhaps, to have left them to the chance reading prepared for adults. Those of them who had a natural passion for perusal,

argue well of a child who carefully conserves argue well of a child who carefully conserves its books, covers them, and ranges them on a little shelf in a little row. When I encounter this particularity, I see before me future collectors and bibliographers in embryo. And what I say to the children, I would say to adults. It is so hard to get books and so easy to lend and to lose them. Nobody can have a library unless he takes good cate of what comes into it. All the great gatherings have a small start. There is a curious story of the beginning of Richard Heber's magnificent library, which is told in Burton's "Book-Hunter," and which is worth repeating here, because Burton's "Book Hunter" has become so scarce. Heber action of the collection in the collection of Varietie, by Henry Peacham. Vallie of Varietie," by Henry Peacham. He took it to Mr. Bindley, the celebrated collector, and asked him it it was not a curious book.
"Yes," answered Mr. Bindley. "not very
-but rather a curious book." What came of
this those who know anything of the enormous Heber collection will understand. From that day forth Richard Heber was a bibliomannae. He would travel hundreds of miles to buy a which he did not possess. He fell into leugh of duplicates. He had, as Dibdin the sleugh of duplicates. He had, as Dibdin puts it, "an ungovernable passion to possess more copies of a book than there were even parties to a deed or stamens to a plant." Hunter quotes what Heber was in the habit of saying in detence of his purchase of duplicates or of triplicates, and it is worth quoting here: "Why, you see, sir, no man can comfortably do without three copies of a book. One he must have for a show copy, and he will probably keep it at his country-house; another he will require for his own use and reference; and unless he is inclined to part with this, which is very inconvenient, or risk the injury

which is very inconvenient, or risk the injury of his best copy, he must need have a third at the service of his friends." Burion adds: "This last necessity is the keynote to Heber's popularity." He was, it seems, willing to lend. In advising young people respecting the formation of a library, my advice would be not to lend but to keep. Nobody can have a decent collection unless he takes good care of it; for it is easier to lose than to acquire. I know nothing like the immorality which pervades the ranks of borrowers. They forget to bring back, and sometimes, I fear, they do not forget. I would not say a word about it, for ferget. I would not say a word about it, for fear of hurting the feelings of somebody will find my book plate in some volume upon his shelf if he will lock for it, unless, indeed, he has eradicated it—I would not, I say, speak a word of the matter if I were not writing for children, and begging them to keep their books together. It will be such a promising beginning. It will teach such habits of care, I will give them so much pleasure hereafter to It will give them so much pleasure hereafter to look at what so delighted them when the world was new and small things charming. One cannot expect these young people to be learned in Lowndes, or really to know how a book can cumulate in value; but they may take my word for it that what was worth reading, it

would be wise to preserve.
"The New-England Primer" was long before my early time-that interesting compendium "for the more easy attaining the reading of English, to which is added the Assembly of Divines' and Mr. Cotton's Catechisms. become a favorite nugget of the gatherers of unconsidered trifles, and the interest shown in it proves how deep may be the passion for the odd, the rare, the difficult of attainment. Most of us have to be centent with reprints which are, after all, tather unsatusfactory. In these we may still read of "young pious Ruth," "young Samuel dear," and of how "young Timothy learned sin to flee." Who would not be touched by that short poem which tells us

Here is, indeed, an epic in three lines, with three heroes, which we can read with interest in less than three seconds, and relish even in this age, which does not usually relish epics. No great story was ever told more briefly; and it is only equalled by the couplet which makes immortal the early piety of Timothy. There was a touch of Puritanism in it, and no doubt it is a small book to have such a broad theological squint. I shall neither attack it nor defend it; all I have to say is that if the school children had handled it somewhat more carefully, it would not now have been so difficult to buy

LOVE'S CAPTIVE.

RONDEL.

1 hide her in my heart, my May.

And keep my darling captive there!
But not because she'd fly away
To seek for liberty elsewhere.

For love is ever free as air!
And as with me her love will stay,
I hide her in my heart, my May.
And keep my darling captive there.

Our love is love that lives for av Enchained in fetter strong and fair,
So evermore, by night and day,
That we our prisoned home may share,
I hide her in my heart, my May,
And keep my darling captive there.

THE GARFIELDS AT WASHINGTON,

Correspondence Boston Herald.

Quietly, but with the truest kindness, has Mrs. Garfield presided over her modest house at the corner of Thirteeuth and I-sis, in this city during the years since General Garfield purchased it. In it she has entertained, often in the simplest style, but ever with old fashioned, true-hearted hospitality, all of wit, wisdom, beauty that Washington has had during the years she has been here. She is an accomplished hostess as well as an accomplished woman —they're two very different things. Living as the Garfields have had to live, in the most economical plished hostess as well as an accomplished woman—they're two very different things. Laving as the Garfields have had to live, in the most economical way, doing without elegant clothes, fine furniture, sumptuous food, good, new and rare old books, dearer than all else to them, they have contributed more to make Washington winter life pleasant and profitable than many other families who have supplemented less taste and culture with more money. Mrs. Garfield's receptions have been the largest ever held by the wife of a mere Representative. They have far surpassed those of more ambitious Senators' wives, and have approximated those of the ladies of the Supreme Court and Cabinet families, in size merely. In attractions they have stood abreast of any of them. This simply because Mrs. Garfield is a sweet-tempered, cultured, refined woman, in whose smile it is a pleasure to bask.

When we consider that, without allowing her manifold cares to interfere with the performance of her social duties, she has managed her establishment alone, and personally conducted the training of her boys for collegs, we can conceive her superiority, with all her social success, to the mere "society leader." General Garfield is the president of our literary society, and during the past year it has met at his house. It was more pleasantly entertained there than it had ever been before. Mrs. Garfield exerted even her latent social powers that night, and it was difficult for her guests to break away from her delightful parlors.

PRANKS AT HARVARD FIFTY YEARS AGO.

Dr. Palfrey in The Harvard Register.

One of my classmates happened to have a key that fitted the door of the proctor of his entry. One day, when the proctor was known to be out of town, a man came around to sell oranges. My classmate told him he had no money, but, if he would sell his oranges for furniture, he wenid give him a good bargain. Accordingly he took him into the proctor's room, and agreed with him, for the table so many oranges, chairs so many apiece, curtains so many, till he had bought the whole stock of oranges and disposed of most of the furniture. He then told him that he could not spare the furniture that day, but that he might come and get it two days afterwards, and the man went off very well satisfied with the transcome and get it two days atterwards, and the man-went off very well satisfied with the trans-action. The interview between the proctor and the vender of oranges, when the latter came with a cart to carry off his furniture, was without witnesses, and, in the absence of an authentic report, must be left to the imagination. It is sufficient to add that there was no meanness about the perpetrator of this joke, who no meanness about the perpetrator of this joke, who afterward became a distinguished friend and benefactor of the college. His victim was not allowed to suffer by the trick, but was suitably compensated for his oranges, his cart-hire and his disappoint-

chance reading prepared for adults. Those of them who had a natural passion for perusal, were permitted to wander in the realm of faery, or stretching themselves into another atmosphere to read the book which their father reads, with an understanding more or less limited. There were children's books, but there were not many of them. The temptation to discuss what is really a book proper for a child is a great one, but who is there who would not shrink from the undertaking? The little heads are so different.

Only this I would like to say. I would early encourage in children a reverence for books. The need of it is the greater, because school business so tends to raggedness and destruction. And this naturally brings me to a topic which is well worth considering—I mean the care and preservation of books. I have known young people who were highly particular in the conservation of their small libraries; and I thuk that this is a tendency which it would be well for parents and guardians to encourage. I

part; and, as some of us at the dinner were talking over what we had seen and done in that building, the man who threw the tongs said, that, unless the door had been changed, he had no doubt he could identify his mark made on that occasion; whereupon we resolved to go to see. Accordingly we went to the room, told the occupant our errand, in which he of course became much interested, and which he of course became much interested, and showed us the deor, on which the dint unmistak-ably appeared, still bearing visible and palpable testimony to the event. I made snother examina-tion a few years ago, soon after the fire in Holis, and found that the historical door had been replaced by a new one.

THE FALLIBILITIES OF CRITICS.

From The London Telegraph.

Curiously illustrative of those strange human fallibilities from which even the most eminent musical critics would appear to be not altogether exempt are the following two quaint anecdotes, which have appeared in print for the first time in Dr. Ramann's "Life of Franz Liszt." Shortly after the production of "Don Juan" in Vienna, the eminent critic and court musician at Suttgart, Schaul, published a vehement protest against Mozart worship, in which he addressed the admirers of the inimitable Wolfgang Amadeus in these scornful terms: "Tell me, gentlemen, has your adored Mozart ever composed a 'Cave of Trophonius,' or an 'Azul,' or a 'Palmyra,' such as Salieri, that sublime musical sage, has given to us? Oh! what a difference is there between my Salieri and your Mozart!" Doubless the admirers of Mozart were perfectly ready to adopt the words of Mozart were perfectly ready to adopt the words of the critic, though, perhaps, not precisely in the

Three-quarters of a century or so later, when the sonse intended.

Three-quarters of a century or so later, when the so-called "Liszt-Fhaiberg Centreversy" was at its height, M. Fetis, who for many years enjoyed the reputation of being 'he first musical critic in Europe, took up the cadgels for Thalberg with extraordinary vigor and vivacity. In an article which, at the time of its publication, appeared quite convincing to the musical "conservatives" of that day, Fetis, after compating Thalberg favorably with Monteverde, Gluck, and Rossini, wound up his arguments by apostrophizing Liszt as follows: "No new thought has imparted a creative and peculiar character to the marvels of thine execution. Thou art the outcome of a school which is come to an end, and has nothing more to do; but thou art not the man of the new school. That man is Thalberg!" That so cultivated a musician as Fetis should have given utterance to such erroneous opinions as the above may seem strange to those who forget the numberless cases in which experts in matters of art have had their judgment warped by personal prejudice or other influences. by personal prejudice or other influences.

RUSKIN AS A LITTLE BOY.

From Piction—Fair and Foul, in The Nineteenth Cent wry.

I have elsowhere mentioned that I was a homebred boy, and that as my mother diligently and scrupniously taught me my Bible and Latin Grammar, so my father fondly and devotedly taught me my Scott, my Pope, and my Byron. I shall have lost my wits very finally when I forget the first time that I pleased m" father with a couplet of English verse (after many a year of trials); and the radiant joy on his face as be declared, teading it aloud to my mother with emphasis half choked by teats—that "it was as fine as anything that Pope or Byron ever wrote!" The Latin grammar out of which my mother taught me was the 11th edition of Alexander Adam's—Edinb.: Bell & Bradfinte, 1823)—namely, that Alexander Adam, rector of Edinburgh High School, into whose upper class Scott passed in October, 1782, and who—previous masters having found nothing noticeable in the heavy-looking Ind—did find sterling qualities in him, and "would constantly refer to him for dates, and particulars of battles, and other remarkable events alluded to in Horace, or whatever other authors the boys were reading; and called him the historian of his class" (L. 1. 126). That Alex. Adam, also, who, himself a loving historian, remembered the tate of every boy at his school during the fifty years he had headed it, and whose last words—"It grows dark, the boys may dismiss "—gave to Scott's heart the vision and the audit of the death of Elspeth of the Craigburn-foot. From Piction-Fair and Foul, in The Nineteenth Cent ury

ifify years he had headed it, and whose last words
—"It grows dark, the boys may disaiss"—"ave to
Scott's heart the vision and the audit of the death
of Elspeth of the Craigburn-foot.

Strangely, in opening the old volume at this moment I would not give it for an illuminated missal)
I find, in its article on Prosody, some things extremely useful to me, which I have been hunting
for in vain through Zumpt and Matthiae. In all
rational respects I believe it to be the best Latin
grammar that has yet been written.

When my mother had carried me through it as
far as the syntax, it was thengint desirable that I
should be put under a master; and the master
chosen was a deeply and deservedly henored clerEyman, the Rev. Thomas Dale, mentioned in Mr.
Holbeach's article, "The New Fiction"—Contemporary Review for February of this year—together
with Mr. Melville, who was our pastor after Mr.
Dale went to St. Paneras.

On the first day when I went to take my seat in
Mr. Dale's school-room. I carried my old grammar
to him, in a modest pride, expecting some encouragement and honor for the accuracy with which
I could repeat, on demand, some hundred and sixty
close-printed pages of it.

But Mr. Dale threw it back to me with a fierce

lose-printed pages of it.

But Mr. Dale threw it back to me with a fierce

bang upon his desk, saying—with accent and look of seven-times-heated scorn—"That's a Scotch thing." Now, my father being Scotch, and an Edinburgh High School boy, and my mather have

Now, my father being Scotch, and an Edinburgh High School boy, and my mother, having labored in that book with me since I could read, and all my happiest holiday time having been spent on the North Inch of Perih, these four words, with the action accompanying them, contained as much insult, pain, and loosening of my respect for my parents, love of my father's country, and honor for its worthles, as it was possible to compress into four syllables and an itl-mannered gesture. Which were therefore pure, double-edged, and point-envenomed blasphemy. For to make a boy despise his mother's care, is the straightest way to make him also despise the Edged and to make him also despise.

blasphemy. For to make a boy despise his mother's care, is the straightest way to make him also despise his Redeemer's voice; and to make him also despise his Redeemer's voice; and to make him scorn his father and his father's house, the straightest way to make him deny his God, and his God's Heaven.

I speak, observe, in this instance, only of the actual words and their effect; not of the feeling in the espeaker't mind, which was almost playful, though his words, tainted with extremity of pride, were such light ones as men shall give account of at the Day of Judgment. The real sin of blasphemy is not in the saying, nor even in the thinking; but in the wishing, which is father to thought and word; and the nature of it is simply in wishing evil to anything; for as the quality of Mercy is not strained, so neither that of Blasphemy, the one distilling from the clouds of Heaven, the other from the steam of the Pit. He that is unjust in little is unjust in much, he that is malignant to the least is to the greatest, he who hates the earth which is God's footstool, hates yet more Heaven which is God's throne, and Him that sitteth thereon. Finally, therefore, blasphemy is wishing ill to anything; and its outcome is in Vanni Fucci's extreme "ill manners"—wishing ill to God.

INVOLUNTARY CRUSOES.

Involuntary Crusors have mostly become so from pure accident, but there are some instances to the contrary. Seaman Jeffrey of H. M. S. Recruit venturing to help himself to the captain's aprue beer, was punished by being set on shore on the uninhabited island of Sombrero. Doubtless Captain Lake repented the deed, when, on his return to the same, latitude some two months afterward, the boat sent to bring the offender on board again returned with the report that he was nowhere, to be found. At any rate the captain had good cause to repent ta little later on, for, upon the matter coming to the knowledge of the admiral on the West Indian Statien, Lake was tried by court-martial, and dismissed the service. At home Sir Francis Burdett brought the case before Parliament, and a search was instituted for the missing man, resulting in his being brought to England in October, 1800. He had lived on the rock of Sombrero for nine days, subsisting upon limpets and birds' ergs, when, luckily for all concerned, he was taken off by an American schooner, and landed at Marblehead, Massachusetts.

A Dutch skipper once thought to get rid of a bad argain in the same way. Putting into St. Relena, then uninhabited, to bury a dead officer, he left there a scaman who had been condemned to death, Disinclined to accept the situation, the criminal unearthed the coffin, and after turning out its occupant, launched it on the water, and, thanks to a calm falling, succeeded in overtaking the ship. The raptain, thinking his pluck deserving of recognition, received him on deck, a pardoned man.

Captain Barnard, a victim of ungrateful mistrust, found companionship in misery more troublesome than comforting. He commanded an American ship in 1814, and happened to be at New Island, in the Falklands, when an English ship was wrecked there; the crew and passengers, numbering thirty, getting safely to land, Captain Barnard took them all on board, intending to leave them at a Brazilian port, and, to obtain sufficient supplies, went on shore with four of h From All The Year Round.

HOME INTERESTS.

IMPROVEMENTS IN CANNED GOODS. INCREASED USE OF GLASS JARS INSTEAD OF TIN CANS-CUCUMBERS FROM HOT-HOUSES-THANKS-GIVING PRICES FOR POULTRY - SATURDAY'S

PRICES IN THE MARKETS.

The summer vegetables have disappeared from the narket stalls. Only a little of the best-kept lettuce is to be found, and even that shows the effects of the hard frosts in its blackened leaves and decaying bearts. In a few days even this poor apology for that delicious salad vegetable will procure; and after it has gone it will be a month or so before the new supply of Boston or hot-house lettuce will be in market. Other vegetables are conveniently and satisfactorily replaced by the canned articles. The report is that canned fruits and vegetables were never more successfully preserved than are those of the past summer. Many served than are those of the past summer. Many establishments are beginning to use white glass jars instead of the usual tin can. This is by far the most satisfactory way to buy them, as the purchaser then has an opportunity to judge for himself the condition of the contents. It naturally follows, however, that bought in this manner the articles come a trifle more expensive than in the old-fashioned can. The following are the current wholesals prices: Extra marrowiat green peas, in two-bound cans, 22 cents; used to be a six and the content of the content following are the current wholesale prices: Extra marrowist green peas, in two-pound cans, 22 cents per can; small green peas, extra fine, 25 cents; choice Lima beans, two pounds, from 28 to 30 cents; best selected string beans, 15 cents; succotash, two pounds, 20 cents; fine Oyster Bay asparagus, in three-pound cans, 40 cents per can; extra fine red tomatoes, three pounds, 13 cents; tomatoes are also sold by the gailon, at 30 cents; the best sweet green corn, in two pound cans, is selling at 17 cents; good corn, 16 cents. Among the canned fruits offered at reasonable wholesale prices are quinces in two pound cans at 18 cents; pineapple, 20 cents; Bartlett pears, three pounds, 32 cents; strawberries, two pounds, 22 cents; white cherries, 18 cents; fine egg plums, 20 cents; extra fine yellow peaches, in three pound cans, 20 cents; peaches of different varieties range all the way from this price to 37 and 40 cents per can. Dried fruits and vegetables of all kinds are to be had. These are good and convenient for sances, puddings and pies, and are much cheaper than preserves. Apple butter, peach butter, and many varieties of berry jams come packed in pails and are sold at reasonable prices, varying from 8 to 18 cents per pound; all descriptions of jellies are now offered for sale in tumblers and at possible prices. Red currant jelly is sold at 20 cents for an extra large glass. This grade is good for cooking, but for table use the better jelly—the difference being merely in extra care in making—is preferable. These come as high as 28 and 30 cents per small glass.

The winter vegetables in market are in exceedingly good condition, the prices being about the same as last year's. Potatoes vary from \$1.25 to \$2.25 per barrel, according to variety. The Peacholow is the general favorite and is the most expensive potato in market; they sell at retail for 35 cents per peck; on 60 to 70 cents per dozen—at retail the average price is 25 cents. The only hot-house luxure sell in market at the cumber. Saturday morn—

cabbages, from 60 to 70 cents per dozen; fine cauli-flowers can be had for \$1 30 per dozen—at retail the average price is 25 cents. The only hot-house lux-ury yet in market is the cucumber. Saturday morn-ing, fine good sized hard cucumbers were offered at 75 cents apiece. Cooking apples—Greenings always taking the lead—are very reasonable this season; they are to be had from \$1 25 to \$2 per barrel; other varieties, Spitzenbergs and Baldwins, are worth from \$2 to \$3 per barrel. These are sold, selected, by the uptown dealers, for table use, at 25 cents per half peck. cents per half peck.

The fruit stores are full of delicacies and choice finits of all kinds, and prices are kept at a good high figure in anticipation of the great demand which will come with the Thanksgiving week. California grapes are selling from 50 to 75 cents per pound; catawbas are 35 cents per three-pound boxes; Maiagas, 25 cents per pound; California plums, 35 to 40 cents per dozen; pears vary from 75 cents to \$1.50 per dozen; pears vary from 75 cents to \$1.50 per dozen; pears vary from 75 cents to \$1.50 per dozen; pears vary from 75 cents to \$1.50 per dozen; pears vary from 75 cents to \$1.50 per dozen; pears vary from 75 cents to \$1.50 per dozen; pears vary from 75 cents to \$1.50 per dozen; pears vary from 75 cents to \$1.50 per dozen; pears vary from 75 cents to \$1.50 per dozen; pears vary from 75 cents to \$1.50 per dozen; pears vary from 75 cents to \$1.50 per dozen; pears vary from \$1.50 per dozen; pears va

boxes; Maiagas, 25 cents per pound; California plums, 35 to 40 cents per dozen; pears vary from 75 cents to \$1 50 per dozen; fine red bananas are 75 cents per dozen; lemons are 20 and 40 cents; French prunes, 30 and 40 cents per pound; figs, from 25 to 35 cents; lady apples, 30 cents per pound; gaper-shelled almonds are 40 and 50 cents; Spanish pome-granates are \$2 50 per dozen; Floridas, 50 cents; Cuban yams sell at 10 cents per pound.

The poulterers have put up their stock from 2 to 4 cents per pound, with an eye to Thanksgiving. Capons are now selling from 22 to 28 cents per pound; chicksns, 20 and 22 cents; ducks, 20 and 22 cents; turkeys, 20 cents; Mongrei ducks, 20 cents; fowl, 18 to 20 cents; squab, \$3 per dozen; grouse, \$1 25; quail, \$3; partingles, \$1 75 to \$2 per pair; woodcock, \$1; English snipe, \$3; teal duck, 75 cents per pair; wood duck, \$1 25 to \$1 50; canvasback, from \$3 to \$3 50; rabbits, from 35 to 50 cents per pair; pigeons, \$2 per dozen; venison, 25 cents per pound; small birds, 75 cents per dozen; terrapin, \$1 50 to \$2 per pair.

The fish market is plentifully supplied, the only fish in season which seem at all scarce being bass and halibut. Bass is now 20 cents per pound, and halibut has gone up during the past week 4 cents—now selling at 20 cents; smelts from Canada and

halibut has gone up during the past week 4 cents— now selling at 20 cents; smelts from Canada and Maine are 15 cents per pound; mackerel, plentiful and in better condition than earlier in the season. are worth, for good sized ones, 6 to 8 cents each, choice fish 15 cents; Spanish mackers, refrigerated, 40 cents per pound; salmon trout, 18 cents; black bass, 12 cents; green turtle, abundant, 12 black bass, 12 cents; green turtle, abundant, 12 cents; haddock, 8 cents; fresh cod, 10 cents; salt cod, 6 to 8 cents; refrigerated bluefish, 12 cents; salmon, 40 to 45 cents; waite perch, 12 to 15 cents; herring, 10 cents; flounders the same; cels, 15 cents per pound; sheepshead, 25 cents; seollops, 25 cents per quart; soit clams, 40 to 80 cents per hundred; bickerel, 15 cents; prawns, \$1 per gallon; smoked haddock, 1242 cents; smoked salmon, 18 cents; frog's legs, 35 cents; crayfish, \$3 per hundred.

Butter, eggs and provisions generally remain at Inst week's quotations.

The following menu for a Thanksgiving dinner is given in response to divers requests. The lamb croquettes and the grouse may be omitted by those who wish to be economical.

WRNU.

Vorinteelli Soup, with Grated Cheese.
Oyster Fritters.
Croquettes of Lamb, with French Pease.
Roast Turkoy. Sweet Potatoes. Potatoes a la Francaise.
White Turnips mashed. Saisify with Cream Sauce. Cranberry Jelly and Celery.
Breasts of Grouse, with Currant Jelly.
Saiad of Cattiflower.
Cheese. Waters.
Pumpkin Pie. Apple Padding, with Wine Sauce.
Grapes. Apples. Batnoas. Oranges, Nuts.
Coffee.

MENU.

potatoes, peel them, dip them in yolk of egg. roll them in bread-crumbs and fry in hot lard. The po-tatoes thus treated must be small, and must be gar-nished with chopped parsley when served.

nished with chopped parsley when served.

EXCELLENT ORANGE JELLY.—For a small dish of jelly take fa Blittle more than half a package of gelatine and dissolve it in half a cnp of water, letting it stand for an hour. Then add the juice of five sour oranges and a little less than a pound of white sugar. Then, after mixing these together, pour on the whole a half pint of boiling water. The mixture is not to go near the fire at all. Put it into your mould mad set it in a cold place. When ready to gerry did the mould for an instant into hot water. is not to go near the fire at all. Put it into your mould mad set it in a cold place. When ready to serve, dip the mould for an instant into hot water, and then turn out the jelly. Double the quantity for a large dish. The cook who has no "judgment" in regard to quantities will never be a good cook. For the tolerable ones it may be added that "a little less than a pound of sugar" may be attained by weighing out a pound and then taking out about three level tablespoonfuls. "A little more than balf a package" of gelatine means half a package and about a level tablespoonful added.

NOTINGHAM PUDDING.—One pint sifted flour.

NOTTINGHAM PUDDING.—One pint sifted flour, three gills of milk, one gill rich cream, six apples, four eggs, a saltspoon of salt. Pare the apples and take out the core without cutting them. Mix the batter very smooth and pour over the apples. Bake one hour. Serve with wine or cream sauce.

Sponge Pudding.—Three eggs, the weight of the eggs in sugar, in butter and in flour; beat the ingredients lightly together, having first warmed the butter. Bake about half an hour in cups.

APPLE CUSTARD.—Pare and core half a dozen very tart apples; cook them in half teacup of water till they begin to soften. Put them in a pudding-dish and sugar them. Beat eight eggs with four spoonfuls of sugar; add three pints milk, pour over the apples, and bake half an hour.

GOVERNOR JOHN A. ANDREW.

Prom the Hon. Peleg W. Chandler's Memoir.

His progress at the bar was slow; his youthful appearance and apparent indifference to success were not in his favor. But whatever business was entrusted to his hands was faithfully done; and he early manifested great interest in the poor who had legal rights or remedies to be cared for, and especially in those who were charged with erime. No one who had a "hard case," with no properly to pay for legal assistance, was ever turned

and especially in those who were charged with crime. No one who had a "hard case," with no money to pay for legal assistance, was ever turned away from his office for that r ason; and no one however guilty was denied whatever assistance his case was fairly entitled to receive.

As a political manager, Mr. Andrew was not a success. He was personally popular all his life and with all sorts of people; but when it came to matters of principle he was too straightforward, square, and emphate to suit those who would like to accommodate their principles to special emergencies. Moreover, he was the most obstinate of men when he took a position, and singularly destined.

to accommodate their principles to special emergencies. Moreover, he was the most obstinate of men when he took a position, and singularly destitute, in a ward caucus, of that tact which is at once effective with the promiscuous crowd and those who are clothed in purple and fine linen. It is amusing and eminently suggestive to look back on those days of small things, when Summer and Andrew and others like them would try in vain to accomplish something at the primary meetings.

It was touching to see how often the Governor vainly sought some actual seclusion and rest from engrossing cares. He was tried almost beyond endurance when suffering from the severe headaches to which he was constitutionally subject. Of a Sanday irorning he would come down to my house, take his breakfast of the Yankée dish of baked beaps and brown bread, and late in the forenoon make his way "across lots" over the unfrequented streets of the Back Bay in season to hear the sermion of James Freeman Clarke. But on working days there seemed no respite. If he remained at the State House, there could of course be no real seclusion. If he went to his own home, the door would be besieged by an importunate crowd. If he took a room at a hotel the fact would soon be known, and there could be no peace after that. On one occasion when greatly suffering from headhe took a room at a hotel the fact would soon be known, and there could be no peace after that. On one occasion, when greatly suffering from head-ache, he sought the house of a friend where he was very intimate. There was no one at home, the servant said. Well, then, he would go upstairs and lie down. When the lady of the mansion came in from her morning calls she was greatly astonished and somewhat amused to find the Gov-ernor of the Commonwealth fast asleep on her bed. Perhaps the most notable things about Governor Andrew were his religious fervor and his mirthful. Andrew were his religious fervor and his mirthfulness. He was generally familiar with the Bible and studied portions of it very carefully. The hymns of Dr. Watta he seemed to know by heart. In the early days in Boston, nothing gave him greater satisfaction than the Bible instructions of James Freeman Clarke. He was especially interested in the epistles of Paul, and used frequently to enlarge, at my house, upon the teachings of his pastor at the vestry. His faith was deep and earnest, without a touch of cant, for he spoke on religious subjects with the same ease and freedom that he did on any others, and never indulged in a didactic strain. One time late in the night, as we were returning in a carriage from a country cancus where we had made speeches, a discussion arose on the subject of prayer. He spoke emphatically of the childlike simplicity of the early Christians in asking and expecting certain specific results from supchildlike simplicity of the early Christians in asking and expecting certain specific results from supplication to God. He alluded to the great comfort it was to him to lay out the whole case in the full belief that it would be in some way effective. "I want," he said, "to tell the story in my own way, although I know it is impossible for me to give any information to the Almighty."

It must be confessed, too, that in the trials and embarrassments of those days, especially in regard to matters where there was inefficiency or neglect of duty, the Governor would occasionally give a place to vigorous expletives not found in the New-England Primer. But the circumstances were always such, that it is safe to say these expressions

England Frimer. But the circumstances were al-ways such, that it is safe to say these expressions formed no part of the recording angel's page. In-deed, they were entirely out of the Governor's line; but when resorted to they were chosen and applied with the skill of a veteran, and were used with such fervor, and fitted so well, that, as Longfellow says of Miles Standish

Sometimes it seemed a prayer, and sometimes sounded like swearing.

WASHINGTON IRVING ON MARY OF SCOT-

LAND.

A newly published letter, from The Cincinnati Commercial.

My Dear Siri I am infinitely obliged to you for the copy of your life of "Mary Queen of Scots," which you have had the kindness to send me. I have read it with intense though painful interest; indeed, when I had once commenced I could not lay it down until I had finished it, which I did late last evening. You have faithfully and conscientiously accomplished a generous undertaking, the vindication of the memory of one of the loveliest, but most unfortunate of women; who, after suffering every wrong and outrage while living, has been basely vilified in history. You have ably cleared up some of the dark points of her story, on which malignity had succeeded in casting a shade, and have shown her as worthy of love as of pity.

It is one of the special offices of our hierature to call up before its fresh and unbiased tribunal the historical questions of the Old World; to rejudge its judgments and reverse decisions on which death and time had seemed to set a seal. Such an office you have honestly and impartially executed in regard to poor Mary and her persecutors, and I am mistaken if the world does not pronounce you a "righteous judge."

In the meautime I shall look with great interest for the volume of Mary's letters, etc., with which you promise to follow up the biography.

Very truly, my dear sir, your obliged friend,

Washington Irving.

reserves when they join the regiment. Quarter must be cleansed, bedding changed for them, and the captain whose company they are about to join must be up at 3 o'clock in the morning to have the fires lit, and the coffee prepared that they will want before they are sent out to manœuvre.

The commandant or major is responsible to his colonel for the practical and theoretical instruction of the under officers and men of his battalion. He assures himself also that the captains do all they can to provoke competition among the local

assures himself also that the captains do all they can to provoke competition among the local butchers, bakers, and grocers from whom provisions are bought. He examines everything to assert that it is of good quality and fair price, making sure by personal investigations that there are no sly, under-handed arrangements between buyers and sellers. A French lieutenant-colonel commands the depot, and is a superior officer serificed for the good of the service. He is a mediate between the colonel and the officers on duty. He keeps the books of the regiment, records all punishments inflicted, and makes reports at least twice a year on the molitary and private conduct of the officers under him. He also does the regimental scolding, and admonishes young Scapegrace when in love or in debt.

The colonel is responsible to the State for the general management of his regiment, and is enjoined rather to makefais influence felt than to take an active part in its administration. Colonels who are overripe can only look forward to being ratired, which is a doleful outlook, military pensions being painfully small.

Can a French officer live upon his pay!

tired, which is a doleful outlook, military pensions being painfully small.

Can a French officer live upon his pay! is a momentous question, and the answer is that many French officers do live upon it. For eighty-four francs a month captain can board comfortably at the canteen. They will be supplied with a sufficient breakfast, and with a dinner composed of soup, two dishes of meat, a dish of vegetables dessert, and a bottle of wine. Licettenants and sub-licettenants pay only seventy france, or say about \$14 monthly, for the same fare,

WELLINGTON AND HIS WAYS.

Grenetile Murray in The Swiss Times.

Lord Grev, who spent the flower of his manhood in cavilling at Wellington, once took no a volume of the great Duke's dispatches. After perusing many pages he said, in answer to a question as to what he thought of them: "In my opinion, he was the greatest man who ever lived." The words were uttered in a tone of deliberate conviction; but one doubts whether many thoughtful persons would ratify such a judgment. Perhaps the Cusen is the one person now living who would agree with Lord Grev. Her Majesty shed tears when she heard that "the good gray head, which all men knew" would no longer be seen on this earth of ours, and spoke of him in terms which have rarely been applied to even Cassar or Napoleon.

A certain coldness of demeanor which sometimes amounted to positive haughtiness, was the reason which prevented the establishment of sympathetic relations between Wellington and his officers. After his elevation to the peerage, he was commonly spoken of in camp as "the Feer," partly, modoubt, to distinguish him from certain lords who were not peers. Apropos of this subject I remember in my youth talking to an old Spanish prese

monly spoken of in camp as "the Feer," partly, no doubt, to distinguish him from certain lords who were not peers. Apropos of this subject I remember in my youth talking to an old Spanish priest who was quite enthusiastic in his admiration of "el gran lord" whom he well remembered, and whom he considered the greatest of all the English. Not one of the French Generals was worthy to tie the latchet of his shoes—so thought the Padre. The severity with which the Duke put down plundering seemed altogether extraordinary to this priest, who had dismal tales to tell of the soldiers of Massena and Marmont. Light and shade, however, must be equally thrown into every picture; and there is an ugly little story of one of those Peninsular campaigns which one can never forget; it is of a soldier who acted as the Diffe's servant, and who was one day employed in "breaking up biscuits to make a mess for Lord Wellington's hounds"—the poor fellow very much longing to eat some of the biscuit himself "But no man gave unto him." Somebody was to blame for this combination of a starving soldier and well-fed hounds.

That part of Wellington's life which has been the

That part of Wellington's life which has been the That part of Wellington's life which has been the most visited with censure is his civil career: unjustly as I think. He no doubt committed grave faults; but he was honest and courageous to a degree. A curious instance of the latter quality may be seen in his conversation with George IV. who conceived that his "honor" forbade him to accept Canning as a Minister. "I can't, Arthur, I can't, as a gentleman—can II" "Your Majesty is not a gentleman," replied the Duke to the startled King, and proceeded to explain to him that a Sovereign was not a gentleman, because something more. The King gave way. On a subsequent occasion the Duke showed equal tourage but more tact. George IV., as is well 'known, labored under the hallucination that he had been present at Waterloo. One day, at a state banquet, he made this amazing

IV., as is well 'known, labored under the halincination that he had been present at Waterloo. One day, at a state banquet, he made this amazing statement, and appealed to the Duke for confirmation. 'Your Majesty has often told me so,' replied Wellington. I may add that the Duke's opinion of George IV. was on the whole a favorable one. He described him as an astonishing jumble of conflicting qualities, in which, however, the good decidedly predominated over the bad. "The King was a very kind-hearted man."

The Duke cared little to talk of his campaigns at least to civilians. He was not the man to "fight all his battles o'er again" for the benefit of a mixed audience. A foolish lady once asked him to "give her an account of the battle of Waterloo." There is nothing easier, madam," he answered, "the French pounded us, and we pounded the French, and I suppose we pounded the hardest, for they ran." He was never much of a reader, and seemed (in his later years at all events) to know the Bible better than any other book. When in London he would go regularly every morning to the Chapel Royal at St. Lames's.

better than any other book. When in London he would go regularly every morning to the Chapel Royal at St. James's.

Speaking of his habits, I may mention a curious one—by no means recommendable, as a rule, to persons wishing to prolong their lives—albeit the Duke lived to eighty three. After dinner, about the time when other persons would take tea, he had a couple of decanters full of feed water brought him; and these he would finish before going to bed. For the rest, he was no gourmet, and still less of a gour-mand. At one time he took a very light breakfast towards 10), of tea and toast; and nothing more till an 8 o'clock dinner. A Fench paper nevertheless ventured to assert that the Great luke had died of a surfeit of apple-pudding. "Quelle mort peu giorieuse!" it added. As a matter of fact, I have heard that this howely dish was the last that he perfect of courth. We wantly died of a a three

who will to be come Maxit.

Verincell stop, still Grade Cases.

Maxit.

Maxit. the partook of on earth. He really died of an affection of the ear.

He was very hospitable, especially at Walmer, but had his own notions on the subject of equality. Thus, he had once asked Grisi to come down in a